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NOTE ON THE CAREER OF WILLIAM PRESTON

The narrator of this important episode in the history of the United States was born in 1816. The Jesuits installed at Bardstown in Kentucky had charge of his early education. Afterwards he studied at Yale and graduated at Harvard Law School in 1838.

He chose the law as a profession but soon manifested an interest in politics in which he took a sedulous part.

In the Mexican War he served in the 4th Kentucky Volunteers with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and it was in this war that he found the interesting material which the accompanying Journal describes.

In 1851 he was elected to the Kentucky House of Representatives and in the following year was sent to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by General Humphrey Marshall's resignation.

He went, in 1858, to Spain as Ambassador of the United States under the Buchanan administration but, on the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, resigned, returned to Kentucky and became an enthusiastic supporter of the Southern cause.

He joined General Simon B. Buckner at Bowling Green in 1861 and was promoted Colonel on the staff of his brother-in-law, General Albert Sidney Johnston. He served throughout the Kentucky campaign, was at the fall of Fort Donelson and conspicuous at the battle of Shiloh

where, during the siege of Corinth, General Johnston died in his arms. He was in the thick of many hard-fought battles and notably at Murfreesboro where he particularly distinguished himself.

On January 7th, 1864, President Davis appointed him Minister to Maximilian's Government in Mexico with the hope that a treaty of friendship and commerce might thereby be effected. In his efforts to reach Maximilian he went to Europe. Then, unsuccessful in his mission and unable to run the blockade either at Wilmington or Charleston, he landed at Matamoras and crossed the Rio Grande into Texas. Here he joined Kirby-Smith's command and was elevated to a major generalship.

On the conclusion of hostilities he recrossed the Rio Grande into Mexico but conditions there soon forced him to leave. He went to the West Indies and thence to England, later joining in Canada his family, which had been exiled there by the Federal Government.

In 1866 he returned to Kentucky with his family, his fortunes partially impaired by the confiscation of some of his property, and settled in Lexington, worn out and with only one ambition—to live the life of a Southern gentleman.

But he could not escape the spider's web of politics. Kentucky, his Mother State, refused to entertain the thought that her ex-confederate leaders should not be paid the honor that was their due, whatever their inclinations, and in 1867 Fayette County chose him as a representative in the State legislature.

In 1880 he was a delegate to the Convention that nominated General Hancock for the Presidency and in 1887, full of years and honors, he died at the ripe age of 71.

JOURNAL IN MEXICO

JOURNAL IN MEXICO

by

LIEUTENANT COLONEL WILLIAM PRESTON

of the

FOURTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEERS

Dating from November 1, 1847 to May 25, 1848



PRIVATELY PRINTED

We're coming—adieu, ye daughters of a royal line !

We own ye held our hearts in thrall awhile,

But now for maids in other lands we pine,

Who'll greet the soldier with a welcome smile.

Company G, Palmetto Regiment, Volunteers.

San Angel, Mexico, May 27, 1848.

Distances from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico taken by Captain William H. Shover, Third Artillery.

	Miles
To Camp Vergera	3
„ Rio Medio	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ — 5 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Santa Fe	3 — 8 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ San Juan	7 — 15 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Puente de Las Vegas	10 — 25 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Puente Nacional	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ — 30 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Plan del Rio	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ — 41 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Encero	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ — 54 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Jalapa	8 $\frac{3}{4}$ — 63 $\frac{1}{2}$
„ La Banderilla	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ — 68 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ San Miguel	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ — 72 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ La Hoya	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ — 76 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Las Vegas.....	6 $\frac{1}{4}$ — 83
„ Cruz Blanca	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ — 88 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Perote	8 $\frac{1}{4}$ — 96 $\frac{1}{2}$
„ Tepe Agualco	18 $\frac{1}{2}$ —115
„ Ojo de Agua	20 $\frac{3}{4}$ —135 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Nopaluca.....	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —144 $\frac{1}{4}$
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„ Acajetei	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ —157 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Amozoque.....	8 —165 $\frac{3}{4}$
„ Puebla.....	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —176 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ San Martin.....	22 $\frac{3}{4}$ —199
„ Rio Frio.....	18 —217
„ Venta de Cordova	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —227 $\frac{1}{2}$
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„ El Penon.....	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —245
„ City of Mexico	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ —252 $\frac{1}{2}$



ON THE first of November 1847, a detachment of the Fourth Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, consisting of the companies under the command of Captain R. Hardin, Mark Hardin, and McReery, embarked on board the *General Taylor* under my command for New Orleans en route for the city of Mexico. After a voyage of five days we reached New Orleans without any occurrence of moment, and on the succeeding night the same command embarked on board the ship *Pioneer* for Vera Cruz.

As morning dawned the low flat lands on either bank of the river, the marshes, the immense flocks of wild fowl and the faint blue line beyond, told us we were at the Belize and in a few hours more our ship would be at sea.

November 7th. About ten o'clock our vessel was standing well out in the gulf with a strong and rather unfavorable gale. Nothing can exceed in beauty the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico when they are at rest and only agitated by slight winds.

The sapphire sky, the light, fleecy clouds drifting before the wind, the clear waves and delightful breeze create a pleasant languor,

which renders you careless of everything save the scene around you. We were not destined to enjoy our prosperous weather. After an alternation of strong northers and light calms, on the evening of the fourteenth, we discerned the outline of the Mexican coast.

November 14th. As the sun set, the headland of Punto Gordo was discernible and we hoped to make the lighthouse by twelve o'clock, but a violent norther springing up, we were forced to about the ship and put to sea. For five days we were driven off shore and finally discovered that we were off the coast of Yucatan near Campeachy. The wind having lulled, we ran in, and as we neared the castle of San Juan d'Ulua with five or six other transports, the fat Mexican pilot with broad hat and paper cigar boarded us, and at ten o'clock on the evening of the nineteenth I landed on the mole of Vera Cruz.

November 19th. The harbor in which our ship was anchored scarcely deserves the name. It is dangerous in the extreme. The castle of San Juan lies about half a mile from the shore, directly east of and opposite the city. Two miles to the south : the Island of Sacrifices, the Lavadero Shoals and Green Island.

November 20th. On the succeeding morning I debarked the troops and camped at the bridge of Vergera, three miles from the city on the road to Jalapa. The Third Kentucky Regiment under

command of Colonel John S. Williams, having arrived on the morning of the twenty-first, we changed our camp from the bridge of Vergera to the plain south of the city opposite the Isle of Sacrifices. This plain lies between the cemetery and the gulf, and is the same from which General Scott commenced his approaches upon Vera Cruz. The trenches are still there, and the fragments of shells and round-shot scattered over the plain still show the range and direction of the Mexican batteries. Occasionally were seen large holes in the plain where some shell had burst, and water having oozed through had formed a sort of pool from which the soldiers supplied themselves.

No one can look over the ground and the mode of approach pursued by General Scott when he invested the place without perceiving the masterly manner in which the siege was conducted.

The city, in itself exceedingly strong and protected by walls with excellent flanking arrangements, is, in fact, an exceedingly strong fortification. The castle of San Juan d'Ulúa is situated in point blank range of the city. It covers twelve or fourteen acres in extent; is bomb-proof; beneath it are vast tanks of water; and is one of the strongest and most magnificent fortifications in the world. Two hundred pieces of cannon—most of which are of the heaviest calibre comprising beautiful brass pieces 18's and 24's cast in Spain, some of them two hundred years old with Paixhan guns and mortars—constitute its ordnance.

On the ninth of March, 1847, General Scott debarked his troops at Vera Cruz, a little below the city. The first troops that landed and formed was a company of Kentucky Volunteers under command of Captain—since Colonel—John S. Williams. General Scott established the right of his line of investment opposite the Isle of Sacrifices; gradually pushed forward on the morning of the eleventh; and on the thirteenth established the brigade under General Twiggs at Vergera, three miles north of the city on the gulf.

Brigade formed on the left of the line of investment. The line was about six miles long.

On the twenty-second, General Scott, having completed a portion of his arrangements for the bombardment, summoned the place to surrender, which the Mexican commander, General Morales, refused, avowing his determination to defend the city and the castle to the last extremity. On receiving his reply, the batteries were ordered to open on the city, and some of the smaller vessels of Commodore Perry's Squadron also opened a fire from a position they had daringly assumed within about a mile of the place.

The fire was continued on the twenty-fourth, but languidly from a want of shells, which the violence of the wind prevented being brought on shore. On the morning of the twenty-fifth, five batteries opened with terrible effect and were served so ably that it was apparent

that the city would not hold out. An application was made on the twenty-second by the foreign consuls to leave the city. Safe-conduct had been given to those persons, as early as the thirteenth, of which they had not chosen to avail themselves. For this reason General Scott refused the request, except it should come from the Mexican commander together with a proposition to surrender.

The defence of the place having become hopeless; General Morales refusing still to surrender; and the sufferings of the city being extreme, the command was devolved upon General Landero, and on the twenty-seventh the terms of the capitulation were signed.

The garrison laid down their arms and were paroled as prisoners of war. Five thousand prisoners, four hundred pieces of ordnance and a large quantity of stores were captured. Twelve killed and forty-four wounded was the loss sustained by the American forces. It is impossible to compute that of the Mexicans with any accuracy, but several hundred perished before the capitulation. Many of the officers, and some of high rank, were in favor of attempting the city by assault. The firmness of General Scott in resisting such advice is worthy of the highest commendation. A great loss of life would inevitably and unnecessarily have been the consequence; as it was, the same end was attained by means far less sanguinary and far more certain.

The Americans sustained a heavy loss in the deaths of Captains Vinton and Alburtis. Some skirmishes occurred in the vicinity, in one of which Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson, of the South Carolina Volunteers, who afterwards died of wounds received in the battles of Mexico, was badly wounded (*see note page 41*). It is supposed that nearly a thousand Mexicans perished during the siege and bombardment.

Thus ended the siege and bombardment of Vera Cruz, the initiatory movement in that great and splendid series of successes which signalized the advance of the American arms upon the capital of Mexico and resulted in planting the flag of the Union in that metropolis which had never been entered by a foreign conqueror since the time of Hernando Cortez.

November 26th. A portion of General Butler's Division composed of the Third and Fourth Regiments of Kentucky left Vera Cruz and, after a short march of six or eight miles through barren sands and tangled jungles of the cactus and thorny chaparral of the tierra caliente, encamped for the night at the Puente del Rio Medio—a small stream where we found a deficiency of wood and passable water.

November 27th. On the succeeding day, after a laborious march through heavy sands for a few miles, we ascended slightly and reached the broad and beautiful prairie of Santa Fe.

We encamped for the night at the bridge of San Juan about twelve miles from the Puente del Medio. The rich tropical vegetation, the palm trees, a lofty tree greatly resembling the banyan with its limbs descending to the earth and there taking root forming large arcades under which a regiment might bivouac, great flights of parrots and birds which seemed to be the toucan—about the size of the great woodpecker of the United States with an enormous bill—great numbers of wild pigeons, doves of two or three varieties, small birds similar to the oriole of gaudy plumage and myriads of flowering shrubs presented to the eye of one from the temperate zone a landscape as novel as it was beautiful.

I mounted my horse and with the Adjutant and my servant proceeded to a deserted ranch—a mile or two from camp—and shot some singular birds whose name I did not know.

Captain Hardin, at a short distance from us, shot an armadillo, the first which I had ever seen. The great drawback we experienced to the pleasure we would otherwise have enjoyed was the countless insects, similar to the tick or chigoe, which tormented us, and the marks of which were not effaced till we reached the valley of Mexico. As a camp-ground the water was good and plentiful, and there was a sufficiency of wood at a short distance.

There was a military post on the hill east of the bridge where Lieutenant Colonel Calhoun, with a battalion of Georgia cavalry,

was stationed. Near this place is the celebrated hacienda of Mango de Clavo, the property of Santa Anna. It is very extensive, with stone fences upon the wayside, but seems uncultivated and mainly used for pasturage. I differ from Mr. Thompson, who thinks it would produce cotton and sugar profitably, as the land can have no means of irrigation, being too elevated and remote from the mountains, and the alternations of wet and dry seasons being too marked to permit its being tilled very advantageously.

November 28th. On the succeeding morning we marched thirteen miles to the Passo de Ovejas, near a small stream, where there was a sufficient quantity of wood and water and a tolerable campground for a small command.

November 29th. Leaving the Passo de Ovejas, we reached the National Bridge on the evening of the twenty-ninth. This is the most magnificent structure on the road and spans with its graceful arches the clear, beautiful and rapid Antigua. High cliffs on the western sides, and on the eastern a lofty hill with a picturesque fort. The cold and rapid river rushing like a torrent amid great masses of porphyritic rock, and the rich foliage of the trees render it a scene of surpassing beauty. Far in the background would be seen the snow-crowned and stately crest of Orizaba, and in front his bayonet glistening in the setting sun; pacing the parapet of the fort would be discerned the blue and white belts of the soldier of the North.

November 30th. On the succeeding day, after a march of fifteen miles, we encamped at Plan del Rio. A small but clear, shallow and impetuous stream is spanned by a bridge, at present in ruins, having been blown up by the Mexicans to prevent the advance of the American Army. The train and troops forded the stream and encamped on the hill northwest of the village. The scene still retained its tropical character with the exception that the chaparral had given place to a rank and exuberant undergrowth.

Plan del Rio may be considered the base of the great, inclined plain extending from that point forty-five miles westward, the summit of which is the little village of Las Vegas—twenty miles beyond Jalapa. The ascent from Plan del Rio, which is about a thousand feet above San Juan d'Ulúa, to Las Vegas is about six thousand eight hundred feet. The mountain defiles and rugged country caused by this abrupt descent induced General Santa Anna to select the pass of Cerro Gordo—five miles beyond—as the best place to offer battle to General Scott.

The position of General Santa Anna at Cerro Gordo was one of much strength. The principal road to Jalapa passes through a mountain defile on the north of which is a lofty hill, on the summit of which is a tower. This is Cerro Gordo. Northeast of this mountain the ground is exceedingly rugged and broken. On the south of

the Jalapa road is an elevated ridge, being the bank of the Rio del Plan with perfectly precipitous cliffs near the stream of several hundred feet in height.

The Mexican Army was drawn up with its right resting on the promontory of this ridge of hills. This point was strongly entrenched and defended by a battery of seventeen pieces of artillery; two smaller promontories on the right and left of this main defence were also defended by fieldworks. The cliffs of the river rendered the right of the Mexicans impregnably strong—the left of their army rested on Cerro Gordo. North of the road and on two other hills slightly east of it six pieces of artillery defended the hill of Cerro Gordo.

General Twiggs' Division, composed of the brigades of Colonels Harney and Riley, arrived at Plan del Rio on the eleventh of April; the brigades of Generals Pillow and Shields reached the same place on the twelfth. General Twiggs determined to attack the enemy on the succeeding day, but this order was judiciously countermanded by General Patterson, who was with the advance, but unwell, until the arrival of the General-in-Chief.

On the morning of the seventeenth, General Twiggs advanced his regiment under Colonel Harney. This cleared the two small hills in front of the main work at Cerro Gordo, on which the Mexicans had established a battery. On the eighteenth the batteries commenced.

The American battery of heavy guns, established the night before, opened their fire. While the gallant Harney dashed up the steep sides of the mountain and drove the enemy pellmell from the work, Riley and Shields' Brigades made a detour still further to the right, so as to turn the Mexican left.

The Volunteers under Shields succeeded completely in turning their position and rushed on a battery of five guns in the Mexican rear, which they took in gallant style.

The brigade under the command of Colonel Riley moved forward on a course between that pursued by Harney and Shields in order to turn the enemy's left. Finding, however, when he had reached the northwest point of Cerro Gordo that he could successfully attack the enemy in reverse, he wisely and gallantly did so, and driving him to the Jalapa road, his brigade and Colonel Harney's met on the summit of the hill they had so bravely carried. Riley's Brigade was then pushed forward on the battery in the rear, two guns of which had been taken by the Volunteers under Shields, and succeeding in capturing the three other pieces at that point, the battery was carried by the joint exertions of the two commands.

An attack was commenced nearly at the same time by the brigade of General Pillow upon the enemy's right. The nature of the ground was difficult in the extreme and the fire of the artillery from the strong

batteries which defended them was so destructive that the order was given to retire.

The turning of the enemy's left gave the forces of General Scott on the right an opportunity of cutting off the retreat of the Mexicans, who were posted near the river. This was done—the victory was complete—and the flying enemy were pursued by the triumphant forces for twelve miles. The American force was about eight thousand five hundred ; that of the Mexicans was estimated at twelve thousand.

The results of this brilliant victory were about three thousand prisoners; five thousand stand of arms and forty-three pieces of artillery. The American loss was thirty-three officers and three hundred ninety-eight men killed and wounded, of whom sixty-three were killed. The enemy's loss was computed at about one thousand.

General Shields was severely (at the time it was thought mortally) wounded; General Pillow was slightly wounded leading his own men to the attack.

General Worth's Division was pushed on to the strong castle of Perote, which with all its munitions of war surrendered to him. The effects of this decisive victory were important in the extreme. It left the road to the city of Mexico open to General Scott; it demoralized the remaining forces, and assured his meeting with no resistance till he should pierce to the capital. The whole plan of battle

was admirable, and with the exception of the assault on the enemy's right which should have been a feint instead of an attack, was ably conceived and brilliantly executed. The order of battle issued by the General-in-Chief before the engagement is almost a report of the victory. The report of the victory seems simply a fulfilment of the order of battle.

General Butler and staff, Colonel Williams, myself and several other officers rode along the ridge on which the Mexican right was posted. The morning was beautiful beyond description. From these eminences we looked down on the white and winding road, while the early sunlight sparkled on the rich foliage of the wood-crowned hills beyond. Before and below us were stretched the lowlands of the tierra caliente; on the north the tower of Cerro Gordo was boldly relieved against the blue sky, and in the background rose the great Cofre of Perote and the blue mountains of Mexico.

The regiments with their trains of white-topped wagons in the rear wound slowly on like some vast serpent amid the defiles of the mountains. In a short time the bands commenced playing martial airs of our country which, re-echoing from hill to hill, swept upwards in heart-stirring strains from the valley below.

Around us were seen the Mexican breastworks, the shelter of bushes where they had bivouacked and the fragments of arms and

destroyed artillery. The whole battlefield was spread like a panorama before us, and with the explanations of Colonel Williams who had been engaged there the whole scene was again presented to our minds.

We encamped at Encero, which lies eleven miles beyond Cerro Gordo and sixteen from Plan del Rio. Two small rivers meet at the base of a great and woodless prairie, of which a portion is moderately well cultivated and enclosed. It is the favorite hacienda of General Santa Anna to whom it belongs. The house is very large with great courts, stables for cattle, and has the appearance peculiar to the great haciendas of Mexico.

At a distance they resemble fortifications more than country houses. They are rarely more than one story high, frequently covering several acres, with a great entrance for wagons, horses, etc., in the principal front, and with all the doors and windows fronting on an interior court or quadrangle. There are no other doors or windows opening on the exterior of the building, save now and then some loopholes pierced for musketry. When the main door, which is very strong and massive, is shut the hacienda is in fact a fortress. By an ancient law of the Spanish Government whenever a hacienda possessed a certain population of Indians, it was incumbent upon the owner to erect a chapel. Some of the chapels spring beautifully

and boldly from the low walls of the hacienda, and give a picturesque air to the building. They are generally more extensive and beautiful than the handsomest village churches in the United States.

The tout ensemble of a hacienda presents the appearance which I imagine the great houses of old Spain bore three hundred years ago. Two clear and beautiful streams—Los Dos Rios—flow through the estate. Singular, and to me unknown birds perched along the margin. Great numbers of brant and wild geese, white cranes and blue herons were also seen near the water and upon the prairies. I sauntered out with my fowling piece and shot some curious birds such as I had never seen before. Colonel Williams went out on horse-back on a wolf-chase. He had a severe fall from his horse which confined him to the wagon for several days. The camp at Encero is the best and most beautiful I have seen in Mexico, with the exception of wood, which it is difficult to procure.

December 1st. The next day we marched to a camp-ground three miles from Jalapa, and twelve from Encero. A cold and searching rain fell during the whole march. The troops suffered greatly, coming as they did from the tierra caliente to an elevation so much greater upon such a day. Clothing gave no warmth. When we encamped one man was lifted from the wagon chilled to death. At the same time, when we marched through Jalapa, on either side were

great orange groves bending under the over-weight of their golden fruit, and pines and other tropical plants in the greatest profusion around us.

Jalapa is esteemed the Paradise of Mexico. A city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, it is built on a shelf of the great, inclined plain reaching from the Plan del Rio to Las Vegas at an elevation of four thousand three hundred feet above the Gulf of Mexico. Here it is that the clouds rising from the gulf first strike the colder air of the mountains and moisten with showers the country around. Here first appear the trees which tell the traveler that he has ascended into the tierra templada, and is above the level of the vomito. Here in the market may be seen every product of the torrid and temperate zones—the pineapple, the lemon, the lime, the watermelon, the muskmelon, the peach, the apple, the apricot, the pear, the plum, the cherry—with chismayas, graniditas, mamays, zapotes, trenas, and a number of fruits whose names are unknown. Wheat, barley, maize, sugar, coffee, countless varieties of beans or frijoles, and nearly every product, it seems, which the earth knows, can be raised within twenty miles of Jalapa. The climate is usually more moist and, I think, to a North American or European constitution more healthy than any other part of the Republic.

The thermometer varies very little during the year. It is never too warm to wear woolen clothing and a cloak, and it is never so cold

as to require a fire. There are no chimneys in Mexico, save at the huts of the Indians on the summits of the mountains, and at all times a brazier with a little charcoal is amply sufficient for the climate.

The camp-ground three miles beyond and northeast of Jalapa is very good, with a sufficiency of good water—and wood can be procured. It is near some small rivers, or rather brooks, in the vicinity of which is a cotton factory in operation, belonging, as I was informed, to the godfather of Santa Anna. The command halted at the camp-ground near Jalapa four days, and on the sixth of December marched to La Haya about ten miles distant.

December 6th. This is an exceedingly strong pass on the road, and in my opinion stronger than Cerro Gordo. The hill of La Haya, or rather mountain, is an extinct volcano, and on its western side lies a rich and beautiful valley. I rode several miles along this valley on the south of the road and found an old causeway, leading, as I was informed by the peasants, to Vera Cruz. The remains of the entrenchments thrown up by the Mexican Army, mainly consisting of strong breastworks of wood or stone, are still there.

It was thought when General Scott advanced upon the Capitol that General Santa Anna would give him battle at La Haya. A brisk action occurred subsequently at this place between a Mexican force and a party of Americans under Captain Walker, the Texan Ranger,

who afterwards fell at Huamantla, which resulted in a complete repulse of the Mexicans, though vastly outnumbering their adversaries.

La Haya affords a beautiful camp-ground for any number of troops, with excellent water and an abundance of fuel. We encamped a quarter of a mile southwest of the little village. Nine miles from Jalapa, and four miles from La Haya stands the picturesque church and village of San Miguel Soldado. A little east of San Miguel the view is surpassingly grand. The blue mountains stretch majestically towards the gulf; Jalapa lies glittering below, and white-walled solitary chapels dot the green foliage of the sides of the mountains. Having revisited this place on a march to Jalapa in April, it was still more striking. April is the flower-month of the country, and nature seemed to have lavished all her wealth upon this favored spot. Beautiful Jalapa! The remembrance of that unequalled landscape will, for many a year, dwell upon my memory. I feel inclined to exclaim :

“Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime.”

A train of Mexican mules and arrieros moved from Vera Cruz under the protection of our troops. There were about two thousand pack-mules laden with merchandise for the Capitol. The arrieros are copper-colored, bronzed, hardy-looking fellows and are generally

reputed honest. The ordinary load or cargo for a mule is about three hundred pounds, and at that time, the freight upon a cargo from Vera Cruz to the city would be about sixty-five dollars, or twenty-one and two-thirds dollars on a hundred weight. At this rate, the amount paid for the freights of an ordinary road wagon hauling five thousand pounds from Vera Cruz to the city would be about one thousand eighty-three and one-third dollars (\$1,083.33).

The journey is about two hundred fifty miles and the road very good. Six American horses would draw the load with ease, and the trip is usually made by army teams in fifteen days. This would give the wagoner for compensation for himself and team about \$72.33 per diem. The whole expenses of the trip for forage would not be over thirty-six dollars (\$36). Freights, at the time, were very high—arising from the insecurity of the roads—they are generally about twenty-five or thirty dollars the cargo (*see note page 41*).

December 7th. On the next morning we left La Haya and toiled slowly up the mountain side, till we reached Las Vegas, about eight miles distant.

On either side of the road were masses of volcanic rock and scoriae resembling the refuse of an iron furnace. The chief growth was the pine, which clad the mountains. Las Vegas is a small town with a church on a small mountain brook. It is seven thousand eight

hundred twenty-two feet above the gulf, and the point at which you reach the general level of the table-lands of Mexico.

From Las Vegas (literally *The Beams*, I presume from the style of building which resembles very much the log huts of the United States and is singular in Mexico) we marched through the little town of Cruz Blanca, about four miles to the west. Moving on we reached the small town of Sierra del Agua. Here commences the plain of Perote, which stretches about fifty-five miles and terminates at El Pinal, seven miles west of Nopaluca. From Sierra del Agua to Perote is about five miles. The plain on the north side of the road is fertile and well cultivated. Vast fields of maize—some of them containing more than a thousand acres and seemingly well cultivated—were seen.

In the evening about two o'clock, we reached the town of Perote and encamped on a sandy plain, east of the castle wall. We had to procure water and fuel from the castle. A body of Massachusetts Volunteers under Colonel Wright garrisoned the place at the time.

The town of Perote is very uninteresting; it is cold, unpleasant and very fatal to the constitutions of the people of the North.

The celebrated Cofre of Perote bears southeast from the town and is distant about twenty miles. On the summit is a square rock resembling in shape a coffer, or strong-box, from which it takes its

name. The rock is said to have nearly precipitous sides, and to be about one hundred fifty feet in height, though it appears a mere wart on the mountain. When Cortez advanced along this road he passed between Orizaba and Perote.

The castle is altogether the most remarkable fortification, after San Juan d'Ulua, in Mexico. It is a regularly constructed fortification, quadrangular in shape, with bastions at the angles and covers, I should think, at least ten acres of ground. The work is solidly and massively built, and is surrounded on the exterior by a moat and strong palisade. A strong drawbridge is the only approach to the interior work. The castle is situated half a mile north of the town, and as a fortification, I would think, is entirely useless. It is so situated on a plain that troops could pass either to the north, or south of it without molestation from its fire. I cannot conceive why it was built, unless it was for a prison, or a depot and granary in which to stow the produce of the valley.

Underneath the castle are vast tanks, sufficient to supply it with water for a year's siege. Its armament consisted of fifty-four bronze and iron guns and mortars, when surrendered to General Worth, with a large amount of ordnance stores and five hundred muskets.

This is the place where many of the Texan prisoners were confined, among other Captain Walker. I have heard it stated that,

when Walker was held in captivity, he marked and buried a picayune under the flagstaff, at the same time saying he would some day return not as a captive, but a conqueror to claim the coin. This he did and, when he reached Perote after its surrender, he proceeded to the flagstaff and fulfilled his hope.

A long line of American graves on the east flank of the castle attests the dreadful mortality that prevailed there among our troops. Proceeding to Jalapa in April, 1848, I found Lieutenant Colonel Seymour of the Georgia Battalion in command. Colonel Seymour informed me that about twenty-six hundred American soldiers had died there since he held it. As an evidence of its unhealthiness, he stated that his battalion had been mustered into service on the 28th of October, 1847, four hundred nineteen strong; that in six months he had lost about two hundred men by death; that at that time he had but forty-two men for duty, the rest being in the hospital, or languishing from disease; and that from a single company, which at the time he had left the United States was ninety-seven strong, he had lost by death—one captain, two lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals and fifty-three men.

December 8th. On the succeeding morning we left Perote, marching southward over barren sand plains, so as to turn the southern point of the great peak of Pizarro, called, I also see on a French map,

San Gertrudis. Over these sterile plains of drifting sand we toiled (passing by the corral, or inn for muleteers, of San Antonio, which lies nine miles from Perote) to Tepe Agualco, which lies nine miles further on, a little southwest of the peak.

The village of Tepe Agualco is a little Spanish hamlet in the midst of this desert, with brackish and unwholesome water from the effects of which horses, mules and sometimes men perish. We lost one man and several valuable horses from this cause. The country through which we passed on this day's march was wholly barren.

Leaving Tepe Agualco on the succeeding day, after a march of seventeen miles, we reached San Vincentio, three miles from Ojo de Agua. The Tennessee and Indiana Regiments were encamped at Ojo de Agua.

The country through which we passed on this day was a barren and arid plain, a continuation of the same which extends from Perote to Nopaluca. Shortly after we were encamped a brisk musketry fire was heard at Ojo de Agua; Butler, thinking that the Mexicans had attacked, ordered the long roll to be beaten, which played the devil and all with the command. I was not a little astonished at the order. The Third moved forward and the whole camp was in a most delightful state of confusion. One man was accidentally shot (of the Fourth Regiment) and another wounded, who afterward died.

The whole thing was simply firing off the loaded pieces in the Tennessee camp for the purpose of reloading them. The stampede was farcical, and the order most extraordinary. A few of the dragoons forming the escort would have galloped forward and ascertained in a few minutes the cause of the firing, but the raw troops were huddled out in magnificent confusion instead.

The camp-ground at Vincentio is good in winter and overflowed in summer. The water is bad but plentiful, and you have to rely for your wood on the supply at the hacienda.

We had quite a character in the way of a quartermaster—Captain O'Donnel—when we arrived at San Vincentio. O'Donnel, who was and had been pretty tipsy, rode up to General Butler, who was not in the best humor, saying : “Ah! Gineral, we’ve had great luck to-day.”—“What?” replied Butler gravely.—“I have bought two hundred of the finest shape ye ever saw,” replied O'Donnel.—“The devil you have. Who authorized you to buy the sheep?” cried Butler.—“Maybe you don’t like it, Gineral,” says O'Donnel.—“No, sir, we have an abundance of rations.”—“Very well, it makes no difference at all,” said the gallant Hibernian.—“No difference!” replied Butler, his brows contracting.—“None in the world,” replied O'Donnel, “for divil a one of thim will ever come up. I made sich a good bargain, and they are so afeard of not getting the money that divil

a gentleman of thim will ever bring me a shape." The reason was so satisfactory that a laugh from General Butler ended *O'Donnel's Luck*.

On the eighth of December we marched from Vincentio. Three miles from this place, we passed the hacienda of Ojo de Agua, which takes its name from the large and beautiful thermal springs which gush from some rocks near the roadside. Eight miles from Ojo de Agua (Eye of Water) is the rather handsome town of Nopaluca.

The country around Nopaluca is handsome, and that desert plain—sterile as those of Arabia, which stretches from Perote to Ojo de Agua—terminates. The maguey (agave Americana), the organo—a species of cactus for hedges—wheat, barley and frijoles grow flourishingly.

Leaving Nopaluca the eye stretches eastward over a beautiful and fertile valley and beholds in the distance the town of Huamantla, where the gallant Captain Walker of the Texas Rangers fell in action with the Mexican forces under General Santa Anna.

Mr. Claiborne of the Rifles, his Lieutenant, who was an eyewitness, told me that when Walker entered Huamantla at the head of some fifty or sixty troopers, he was two or three miles ahead of the infantry. Santa Anna's forces to the number of twelve hundred entered the town nearly at the same time. Walker dashed along

the streets, and swept them clear. He then threw himself into a strong building and, looking out at the door to reconnoitre, received a shot in the side and fell forward dying. His servant David, finding Doctor Lamar about being transfixed by a lancer, parried the lance, which entering the poor slave's body killed him.

The troopers held the town till the infantry coming up compelled Santa Anna to retire. We encamped for the night at the hacienda of Floresta, three miles southwest of Nopaluca, where there is a pond on the northwest of the road on the summit of the hill. The water is good, but wood is scarce.

Leaving the hacienda of Floresta on the succeeding day, we marched by the Venta del Pinal, three miles from Floresta. Passing afterwards through the narrow defiles of El Pinal (the Pine Mountain), which we left upon the south, and marching eight miles further, we halted for the night at Acajети.

Acajети is an inconsiderable village with two large churches, and is chiefly noted as the place where a battle occurred between Generals Santa Anna and Mexia. The interpreter had been with Mexia in the engagement. He told me that Mexia was exceedingly brave, and when threatened by Santa Anna, had offered battle with greatly inferior numbers. The forces engaged, and such was the spirit infused into his men by Mexia, that he had worsted his opponent

when Santa Anna demanded a parley. This was acceded to, and Santa Anna took advantage of the opportunity to order up a strong body of cavalry at Amozoque, eight miles distant. The parley was broken off just as the cavalry galloped into Acajети. Mexia was completely routed and himself made prisoner. Santa Anna offered him an hour to make his will. Mexia replied that he was generous, for if he had succeeded in capturing Santa Anna, he would have given him fifteen minutes for the same purpose. Mexia was shot near the old convent by his adversary's order, and met his fate with the utmost intrepidity.

The water at Amozoque was abundant, when we encamped there, but afterwards, in April 1848, I found the fountains and tank dry, and there was none in the village. The wood was brought on the backs of little donkeys from the neighboring mountains of El Pinal. The Pinal and Rio Frio are the chief passes for robbers. The numbers of fresh and mouldering corpses point out the spots where the traveler has been murdered, and their numbers show how prevalent murder and robbery are upon the road.

Leaving Acajети, we reached, after a march of eight miles, the village of Amozoque, renowned as being the chief place for the manufacture of Mexican spurs in the Republic. The place is rather pretty, and the steel and silver ornaments of their bits and spurs show more

mechanical skill in working iron than I have seen in any other place in the country.

We encamped for the night at the beautiful Alameda of Puebla. Puebla is a fine city, built in the Spanish style, with regular streets and handsome houses. It contains about eighty thousand inhabitants, and is one of the cleanest places in Mexico.

The cathedral is a magnificent structure with two square towers—the loftiest in Mexico—which are gracefully proportioned and constructed of cut stone.

The plaza is rather small, but the buildings fronting upon it are exceedingly handsome. The interior of the cathedral is richly decorated with the gorgeous, but barbaric taste manifested in the ecclesiastical edifices throughout Mexico.

I found placarded upon its doors many “Avisos a los Fieles”, or notices to the faithful, which were rather amusing to a Protestant. Among others an invitation to true believers to repent, with an inflated and rhetorical account of the miraculous appearance of Our Lady at Guadalupe, and the particular esteem felt by the Mother of God for the Indians beyond all other people.

The Bishop had lately died, and I went into the episcopal palace to see some rather good paintings which he had collected. There was also a very handsome and extensive library, which the major-

domo informed me was, together with the paintings and other furniture, for sale. The Alameda is an extensive and beautiful drive, ornamented with statues and fountains, filled with trees and surrounded by a balustrade of stucco. At the southern extremity is a temple to Liberty, with a bronze cast to General Bravo in it.

Having our tents pitched near this spot, we placed the regimental band in the temple, and with the white tents of the soldiery before us, and under a resplendent moonlight, heard the national airs of our country break the stillness around.

The day after our arrival General Butler, with some officers and a dragoon escort, proceeded to visit Cholula which lies about eight miles west of Puebla. The Pyramid appeared to me to be a mound of earth thrown up on the plain, and along its face to have had walls built at different points to support the earth. The adobes or sun-dried bricks were every now and then clearly discernible in layers for short distances, and then would be discontinued. Numbers of horrible-looking little clay images were profusely scattered over the face of the Pyramid, some of which I picked up.

Approaching the place, the dragoons surprised some guerrilleros. They were pursued, and some six captured. They were armed with short swords and with muskets of immense calibre. They very coolly—after their apprehension—lighted their paper cigars, and

escorted by a dragoon on either side, puffed away with the greatest unconcern. I examined one of their cartridges. It contained about twice as much powder as we place in ours, and I think to fire such a charge from such a piece would be as dangerous to the man behind, as to the man before.

On the summit of the Pyramid, to which we rode on horseback, stands a pretty chapel, and from it is one of the most magnificent views it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

The vast ruins of the ancient city lie below us, and the eye wanders over the immense plain of Puebla, which dotted with villages, domes of convents and churches, and chequered fields of wheat and barley stretches for thirty miles beyond. To the east proudly rises Orizaba; to the west the beautiful summits of the great volcanoes Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl—their snowy crest glittering in the morning sun; and to the north Malinche which bears the same name with the celebrated mistress of Cortez, Doña Marina, having a legend connected with it which invested it with a double interest.

It is said that not long before the Spanish conquest an Indian hunter, having ascended the mountain in pursuit of a hind, suddenly discovered a beautiful female exceedingly fair, with golden tresses, who was lying torpid and nearly frozen on one of the rocks of the

mountain. Struck with surprise and admiration, he bore her in his arms to his cottage on the plain. After the warmth had gradually revived her, she was suddenly transformed into a hideous serpent which, after strangling the benevolent Indian, made its way back to the fastnesses of the mountain. From this legend the mountain has since that time been called Malinche, which in the Mexican tongue signifies an evil serpent. When Doña Marina, the celebrated mistress of Cortez, entered Anahuac, the Indians applied the name to her, seeing a foreshadowing of the evils which befell this country in the miraculous transformation of the fair lady of the mountain.

December 14th. On the fourteenth we left Puebla, and passing over a fertile and well cultivated plain with plantations of maguey and small grain, we came to Rio Prieto, a small stream near which stands the hacienda of San Antonio, nine miles from Puebla. From this point westward the country still improves in beauty and cultivation, and ascends slightly towards the mountains. The American Army encamped at San Antonio on the march to the Capitol. Nine miles from Prieto we passed by the beautiful and productive hacienda of San Bartolo, where there is an excellent camp-ground and abundance of forage. Still marching onward through, by far, the most beautiful country between Vera Cruz and the Capitol, we reached the village of San Martin late in the evening, after an exceedingly hard day's march of twenty-three miles, and quartered for the night

in an old and time-worn convent with a handsome church and some boldly executed, but very curious paintings.

December 15th. On the succeeding day we moved forward, ascending the inclined plain beginning at San Martin's and terminating at the Rio Frio—the mountain which divides the valley of Puebla from that of Mexico. The view, as you ascend, is exceedingly beautiful.

Nine miles from San Martin is the ranch del Mal Pais. Here commence great pine forests, which extend from this point to the Venta de Cordova, about twenty-eight miles from the city.

Three miles from the Rancho del Mal Pais is the bridge of Tesmalucan, which is thrown over a wide mountain torrent with deep and precipitous banks. This is an exceedingly strong place in a military point of view, and might be successfully defended with a greatly inferior force. Passing through the defiles of the mountains for seven miles more, we reached Rio Frio and encamped for the night. Rio Frio is a small village situated on a mountain brook, which gives it its name, and the water of which is very cold. Colonel Irvin was stationed with his regiment of Ohio Volunteers at this place when we passed it. The mountains in the vicinity are covered with forests of pine.

December 16th. On the succeeding day we left Rio Frio, after a night of intense cold—so cold that the water in vessels in the tent

was frozen, and ice on the surface an inch thick—and after a march of about five miles through the passes of the mountain, the town and lake of Chalco and Ayotla lay before us.

We had reached the unrivalled valley of Mexico. The silver lake lying like a polished mirror; the Indian hamlets on the plain; the winding road; the white-walled haciendas glittering in the morning sun; and the isolated mountain presented another of those magnificent landscapes which I have imagined can only be seen in Mexico, or Persia.

Passing by the Venta de Cordova and the Venta de Buena Vista, after a march of eighteen miles, we encamped for the night on the northwest of the village of Ayotla, and on the margin of Lake Chalco. We had now reached the level of the Mexican valley. About three miles southeast of Ayotla and one mile west of the Venta de Buena Vista was the point at which General Scott began his detour around Lake Chalco, in his advance upon the Capitol. This portion of his army marched through the villages of Chalco, Chimalpo near Tetelco, San Luis and Santa Cruz to the town of San Augustino de Cuevas, from which place the movements on Contreras and Churubusco were made.

December 18th. On the morning of the eighteenth of December we left Ayotla and after a march of eight miles reached El Penon del

Marques, a lofty volcanic hill which stands immediately near and south of the causeway leading to the city. Its sides are nearly precipitous, and the hill itself completely commanded the approach from Ayotla.

The Mexicans thought that General Scott would move his army along this route and, in order to repel him, entrenched very strongly the Penon, on which were still to be seen their fieldworks. The causeway had also been cut through, so as to form deep and flooded ditches; strong batteries for cannon in embrasure and barbette and for infantry had been thrown up. The works were of sod and were beautifully constructed.

At a distance of eight miles from the Penon are to be seen the white towers of the cathedral and the numberless domes and spires of the beautiful city. The land on either side of the causeway in the rainy season is covered with water, but Mr. Thompson is mistaken when he supposes this always to be the case. When we marched along it the land on either side was dry and entirely accessible to troops. We encamped at night on the plain (in the rainy season entirely covered with water) which lies east of the Penon Garita (or Gate), and on a course between that gate and the Penon del Banos, a mountain similar to the Penon del Marques celebrated for its thermal springs and baths.

December 19th. On the succeeding day we barracked our regiment in the vast convent de la Merced, in the southeastern portion of the city, and were ourselves quartered in the house of Señor Ocampo, an officer of the Treasury, in the Calle Hospicio de San Nicolas, Nombre vientitres (23).

The city of Mexico is situated not in the centre of the valley, as the older maps frequently represent it, but near the mountains on the western side. The site of the city is a perfect plain being formerly covered by the waters of Lake Tezcoco. It has been fitly called the Venice of the Western World. The uplands around it commence at Guadalupe, three miles north; at Tacubaya three miles northwest; at Chapultepec, Molina del Rey and Tacubaya three or four miles southwest, and San Angel seven miles south of the city. About two miles east of San Angel is the northern extremity of Lake Xochimilco, which extends southeast about ten miles and is connected with Lake Chalco, which lies still farther to the southeast. On the northeast of the city is Lake Tezcoco and north of it is the Lake of San Cristobal.

Mexico is without doubt the most remarkable city of the New World. Its stately churches; its aqueducts; its palaces; its antiquities; its former and present religion; its mixed and picturesque population combine to render it an object of more interest to the traveler than any other place upon the American continent.

The main plaza of the city is a square containing about twelve acres. On the southern side is a lofty row of buildings used as stores, which also extends on the western half of its extent to the Calle de Plateros, the Monte Pio and Empedradillo; a row of magnificent buildings occupy the residue of the western side of the plaza. This was originally the property of Cortez, and his descendants still retain a portion of it. The Monte Pio is the national pawnbroker's shop of the Republic.

The ^{new}southern front of the plaza is occupied by the cathedral—the most magnificent structure in the city and one of the handsomest in the world. The front of the cathedral is about five hundred feet and its width four hundred and twenty. The façade is exceedingly handsome and elaborately ornamented, and the carvings and statues on the eastern portion are as intricate, complex and curious as those we see in wood on the works of the South Sea islanders. Every saint in the calendar seems honored with a niche.

The general effect of the exterior is, however, neither noble, simple nor great. The style of architecture cannot be said to belong to any order. The Gothic order predominates, but the intermixture of domes and the general outline of the building gives to it something of a Saracenic air.

The interior of the cathedral is gorgeous beyond description—chapel succeeds chapel—the roofs groined and gilded with massive

church ornaments and wondrously ornamented altars, which together with the richly set paintings presents a melange of barbaric splendor, and sometimes of tasteful arrangement, which fills the beholder with curiosity and astonishment. The whole scene has been well said by Mr. Thompson to recall the wild fictions of the Arabian Nights. To me one of the most interesting spots in the whole building was the chapel which contains the tomb of the Emperor Iturbide.

The great altar one blaze of gold and silver, the organs, the railings composed of a mixture of gold, silver and copper embellished with images; the vases, candle-sticks, and other ornaments impress one with the power of that Church which has wrung from the credulity of the Emperor and the misery of the conquered the vast treasures which have been lavished in this temple.

Long lines of priests pass into and from the wide doors and peals of music, partaking more of the merry character of the composition of Rossini than the hymns appropriate to the Most High, swell through the edifice. Few of the higher classes are seen to worship here, but crowds of lepers in gaudy and ragged scraps with matted hair and naked limbs; wretches in the foulest rags; mendicants and humble, half naked Indians kneel and creep on the floor. Near the door stand priests with silver dishes in their hands to collect the pence and coppers of these half famished and unclad beings. Near the doors beggars with sightless eyes, with deformed limbs, some with

dry gangrene dropping from their bodies beseech the charity of the passer-by, but generally in vain. The charity is reserved for the priest and is not to be bestowed on suffering humanity. It is for the ornament of the temple, not to relieve the miseries of a brother. Look at the building, you think of Heaven. Look at the inmates, you think of Hell.

On the eastern side of the plaza is situated the palace, an immense building in which are the Courts of Justice, the Halls of Congress, the Offices of State, and the rooms in which the Archives of Mexico are deposited. The front is but slightly ornamented and the exterior has but little pretension to architectural beauty. There are more than nine hundred rooms, some of noble proportions and handsomely decorated in this extensive edifice. It is, at present, occupied by the officers of the American Army entrusted with the civil government of the city, and by some others belonging to the staff. There are one or two companies of light artillery barracked in it as a guard, and in order to command the plaza if necessary.

May 25, 1848. To-day Captain Hooker, United States Army, made a statement to Major George Caldwell, Voltigeurs, and myself at the Aztec Club at dinner, which was the subject of some surprise. In speaking of the battle of Monterey, he said that at no period of his life was he more struck with the boldness and self-reliance of a man than by General Taylor on that memorable day. The attack had

been commenced on the eastern portion of the city. The enemy had thrown up an abattis for infantry and artillery. The fire was most fatal, and Major Mansfield, Chief of Engineers, had declared the assault a failure. Mansfield was wounded, but dragged himself forward to see if the troops could advance. At this time General Taylor rode forward under a shower of balls to reconnoitre and see if an opening for troops could be found. Retiring from this point to a little distance, Generals *Butler and Hamer* rode up and a conversation ensued *in which Butler and Hamer advised the withdrawal of the troops!* This Taylor refused, exclaiming : "Gentlemen, you do not know the materials you have," or words to that effect.

Captain Hooker was Aide to General Butler, and present at the time. Major George Caldwell heard the narrative of Captain Hooker. I jot this down so as to remember it, but no use is to be made of it, nor is it to be mentioned on Hooker's authority. Hooker says that General Hamer was disconcerted at Monterey, Weller was drunk and did not, after Colonel Mitchell, of Ohio, was wounded, have any power over the regiment, that Colonel A. S. Johnston of Texas *assumed* the command, though only on Butler's staff, formed the men behind a brushwood fence, and repulsed a body of Mexican lancers, knocking a dozen or so from their saddles; Colonel Johnston was, in fact, commander and not General Hamer. Doctor Miles, United States Army, on a trip to Jalapa confirmed the statement.

May 28th, City of Mexico. To-day the city is full of excitement. Yesterday the news having arrived that the treaty was confirmed, the Mexican Lower House, the Commissioners : Sevier and Clifford, left for Queretaro.

To-day there seems to be authentic information that Paredes, Jarauta and Almonte have *pronounced* against the Government and for war at Aguas Calientes. The next twenty-four hours will probably decide the greatest event in the relations of the United States and Mexico, whether the latter is to retain her nationality or become a province—*nous verrons*.

General Smith left this morning to superintend the debarkation contemplated by General Butler. The troops at the outposts—Toluca, Cuevavaca and Real del Monte—have received orders withdrawing them preparatory to the contemplated evacuation.

The yellow fever is raging at Vera Cruz. Hargous, the banker, in reply to George Caldwell's question if he would lose many troops answered : "No, I think ten per cent will cover it." A cool, commercial calculation for decimating twenty-five thousand (25,000) brave fellows!

William PRESTON.

NOTES ON JOURNAL IN MEXICO

Page 6.—When Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson lay on his deathbed, his mind seemed to wander. He seemed under the idea of having some duty to perform. He half opened his eyes and called out : “Battalion, Shoulder Arms—Order, Arms—Rest.”

Page 19.—There are many thousands of pack-mules employed on this road, and I am informed that such is the prejudice of the arrieros in favor of this mode of transportation that nothing can induce them to change it.

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